

*Southern personalities:*  
Helen Keller

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HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**



# Southern Personalities

By  
Eva Noble

Miss Keller loves animals, and her favorites are dogs



Miss Keller "talks" with Mrs. Anne Sullivan Macy and Miss Polly Thompson

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## Helen Keller



was able to break through the wall of silence surrounding the troubled child, and to open the windows of mind and soul to a knowledge of family, friends, sunshine, flowers, and books.

How these things came to pass are told in Miss Keller's own books, in words that march and leap and sing. How Miss Sullivan tried to connect objects with letters. There was a doll to be spelled into the hand. Then water, with water flowing over the child's hand—and suddenly the signals caught Helen's consciousness with a meaning. Quickly she stooped and touched the earth, demanding to know its letter-name, and by nightfall of that day she had learned thirty words!

Nothing but a college education would satisfy Miss Keller; and when she graduated from Radcliffe College in 1904, she had mastered English, French, and German, and knew some Greek and Italian. Always her teacher was by her side, using her eyes for her pupil's work when the textbooks were not available in Braille, and attending classes with her to transmit the work into her hand.

What Miss Keller has accomplished in the way of education is called a miracle. Perhaps it is, but it has been performed with the tools of faith, courage, and determination.

The use of spoken words was recaptured by Miss Keller through the study of the muscles of lips, face, and throat, under the instruction of Miss Sarah Fuller, of the Horace Mann School. Still other teachers and other schools made their contribution toward a more abundant life for the young woman who would not know defeat.

FROM the time Helen Keller left her Southern home in quest of learning, to be followed by her work for the blind, she has spent her days in or near the large cities of the North and in almost ceaseless traveling; but often in an undercurrent of memory would flow the words, "I am homesick for Southern skies, magnolias, jessamine."

Always a lover of nature, she knows flowers by name. Fragrance is delightful to her, and she has her own lovely conception of colors. Music she hears by vibration—once she heard the call of a whippoorwill as she had her hand on a porch railing where the bird sat. She likes animals, especially dogs.

In 1914, Miss Polly Thomson came from Scotland to be with Miss Keller and her beloved teacher. Endowed with all the charms and characteristics of her native land, Miss Thomson is now an American citizen, and as companion-friend she walks side by

side with Helen, now that "Teacher" has passed on.

Sometimes Miss Keller and Miss Thomson sail away to Scotland for a rest in the home of the minister-brother and his wife, whose warm welcome is augmented by the children—David, Effie, Robert, and John—the maid Jean, and the dog Skye, all crowded on the steps of the manse to receive the visitors.

Traveling is not difficult, and whether the journey is by automobile, train, ocean-going ships, or airships, it is all a matter of adventuring.

*Helen Keller's Journal* is a diary written on shipboard on the Atlantic, then in Europe, back to America, then on the Pacific Ocean, en route to Japan, where she had been called by the government to aid the cause of the blind. The scope of this book is tremendous, both geographically and in comment on world events during 1936 and 1937. A continuation of the story is to be eagerly awaited.

To know Helen Keller is to feel that human beings are mistaken in the idea of their limitations. Remembering the days of her several visits to Florida, it seems to the one who now pays this tribute of affection to her that she shows the way to a more glorious appreciation of everyday life.

ON A trip from Jacksonville to and from St. Augustine, she was so aware of the warm sunshine on an early spring day; so grateful for the fragrance of the deep woods which floated into the car; so knowing about the little streams of water along the way, that gave cool moisture to the air. In the ancient town she touched the old walls. "There is so much to see," she said. She drank from the well known as the "Fountain of Youth," and jested about never growing old.

The great event of the day was a short visit to the State School for the Deaf and Blind. It was not an occasion for a "meeting," but the children and their teachers were standing along the driveway. Some of the students could see and some could hear that Helen Keller was there, and the light on their upturned faces—the reflection of her brave spirit—will never be entirely dimmed again. Not that every handicapped child can be a Helen Keller; but it is worth trying.

En route, a stop was made at a turpentine still, and for the rest of the afternoon she held a smooth piece of resin in her hand. "It is just like amber," she said. Everything has interest—and everything has comparative qualities, for her.

(Continued on page 31)

OUT of the South have come many distinguished personalities, but Helen Keller is doubtless the best-known around the world. Blind and deaf since she was a year and a half old, Miss Keller has lived triumphantly, getting an ample education, with an appreciation of good literature, traveling, writing books and magazine articles, lecturing, and keeping a keen interest in current events and the welfare of the people of all countries.

She was born in Tuscumbia, Alabama, on June 27, 1880. On her father's side, she is descended from Alexander Spotswood, a Colonial Governor of Virginia, and connected with the Lees and other Southern families. On her mother's side, she is related to the Hales, Everetts, and the Adams family of New England. A severe illness robbed her of sight and hearing when she was a little child, and later she lost the power of speech.

Until she was eight years old she struggled with the confusion of existence. Then her parents were able to secure a teacher for her, through the sympathetic assistance of Alexander Graham Bell. Miss Anne Sullivan (later Mrs. John A. Macy), who had been trained at the Perkins Institute in Boston, and who had herself known the threat of blindness, went to the Keller home in Alabama, and by patient efforts



# Home-Town ARREST

By WESTMORELAND GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVÉ STEIN

SHELBY braked the Department car to a sharp halt against the curb of the dark silent street. Danton, the tubby local police chief, gauged injuriously, and sat resignedly with his hands folded as Selby climbed out.

"Robert Carroll ain't up there," Danton said for the sixth time, his small features in a moon-round face twisted in ineffectual resentment. "You Federal men usually do a good thorough job. But this time you're wrong."

"I know, I know," Selby returned, slightly irritated. "Robert Carroll's not there. That's what you said all the time we were hunting him in four states. But I was raised here, Danton—and I know the situation."

The two trailing cars drew up behind Selby's and the four other agents came forward, freckled red-headed Frank Bond in the lead.

"Blackwell, you know your job," Selby said. "You're to guard the tradesmen's entrance. That dark side street we just passed will lead you right up to it. Your orders are: Stop Robert Carroll. Use your guns if you have to."

Blackwell nodded and strode back off into the gloom, his submachine gun tucked nonchalantly under his arm.

Frank Bond chuckled pointedly. "You seem to be especially familiar with that rear entrance."

"I am," Shelby returned grimly. "As a grocer's boy I used to go through it often enough. The richest family in town uses a lot of groceries. . . . Brinker, you and Danton and Masters will go on ahead with me—you're to guard the front entrance. Frank, you and Fields have your instructions."

"But, Paul," forthright Frank Bond objected, "why don't we just go ahead and crash it—like any other case?"

"You have your instructions, Bond," Selby answered curtly, and at once repented. He didn't like to be short and tight with the men. But they didn't know, they couldn't know, how tight and knotted up he was inside. "I always like to have a backstop," he finished apologetically.

"Okay," Bond said. "There must be an angle."

"There is," Selby returned grimly. When you walk in to arrest the brother of the girl you've loved ever since you can remember—there's bound to be an angle.

HE CLIMBED over Danton's knees and back under the wheel. Ted Brinker and Sam Masters got into the tonneau, laying their little machine gun on the floor. He sent the car jolting ahead over the ancient uneven cobblestones, glimpsing as he made the sharp turn to the right, Bond and Fields standing beside the two parked cars, staring after him.

The headlights shot their wavering beams up the long street that climbed the hill. At the top two faint blobs of light marked the entranceway, where the cobblestones ceased to be Carroll Avenue and became the graveled driveway into the Carroll Place. Otherwise, the street, the whole of Carrollville, was pervaded with the dark and slumberous silence of all small towns at eleven o'clock at night.

Selby felt no deep nostalgic longings. Nor had he this afternoon when he arrived. When after ten years you come back to a place that began dying about the time you left it, you feel only sadness.

Faded glory was what he had seen: in the ramshackle city hall, once the pride of the town; in the weather-beaten hotels and commercial buildings, where he could remember so much life and thriving; and, down across the railroad tracks, in the miles of drab brick walls of the long-closed Carroll Mills, with their boarded windows and stilled machinery.

Faded glory. And that was what Tennyson was clinging to up yonder beyond the wall: the faded glory of a die-hard aristocracy. If only he could turn back

*Selby steadied his anger. "A last cowardly act by an arrogant and vicious weakling, Carroll—hiding behind the skirts of an old woman"*



those ten years and take Tennyson. If only he had refused to admit that wealth was a barrier, and had taken her with him while he knew she loved him. . . .

He checked the rein of his thoughts. "No emotional upsets," he'd drilled himself. "Force yourself to be impersonal—and always guard against emotion."

Half a block from the entranceway, he stopped the car and shut off the lights. "We'll park it here. No use giving them too much warning."

"Robert Carroll ain't—" Danton sounded like a phonograph with its needle caught in one groove.

"Yes, I know: 'Robert Carroll ain't here.' He's not here, but I've been ordered to go in and get him."

You couldn't blame Danton. He'd need far more iron in his soul than he had to wade through the awesome tradition, the sacred Carroll name, the embattled loyalty of the small town for its most illustrious family, and walk into the Carroll Place to arrest Robert Carroll. To Danton, to all of Carrollville, Robert Carroll was not a criminal to be eliminated from society. He was just a mischievous bad boy, a rich man's son sowing his wild oats.





No. 10573

## A Frame With Stone

● Although this is a frame house, the employment of stone at the front, between the living-room porch and the screened porch for the bedrooms, has enabled the architect to produce a house that gives the impression of being more of stone than is actually the case. The baths not only are conveniently placed in relation to the bedrooms, but are so located that the fixtures for both bathrooms are on one wall, thereby effecting a considerable saving. Attention is called to the fact that direct access from the driveway is provided for all the bedrooms and the kitchen. In both convenience and appearance, the kitchen arrangement of the refrigerator, range, and cabinets is ideal. The basement is under the rear bedroom, breakfast room, and kitchen, and is entered through a door in the kitchen entry. Estimated cost at Dallas, \$5,700. Costs in other localities may run higher or lower.

### Specifications and Optional Materials

Specifications call for concrete foundation, siding walls, rock-wool insulation, wood-shingle roof, plastered interior walls and ceilings, tile wainscot in baths, Keene's cement wainscot in kitchen, and pine, oak, tile, and linoleum floors. Changes in the plans cannot be made without extra charge; but the specifications can be altered free of charge to permit substitution of the optional materials listed below.

**FOUNDATION:** Concrete tile, clay tile, stone, brick

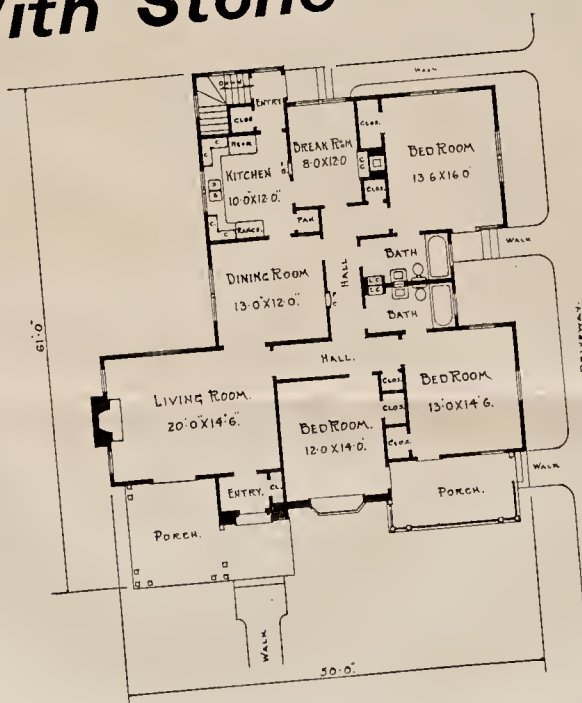
**OUTSIDE WALLS:** Shingles, concrete, concrete tile, clay tile, brick veneer, brick, stucco, stone

**ROOF:** Slate, tile, metal, compositions

**INSULATION:** Composition boards, reflectives

**FLOORS:** Slate, compositions, concrete, brick

**INSIDE WALLS:** Composition boards, wood panelling, wall paper. Wainscot: glass, composition boards



S. C. MARTIN, Home-Building Editor

L. C. RIGG, Architect

GUY F. CAHOON, Artist

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## Southern Personalities

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

In *Midstream*, the book by Miss Keller which is a continuation of *The Story of My Life*, is this tribute to her teacher:

I wish I could engrave upon these pages the picture in my fingers that I cherish of my teacher with her queenly mind and heart, strong and true, going direct to the core of the subject under discussion, her delight in beauty, her enthusiasm for large service and heroic qualities.

And another compliment which soars and sings like a bird set free:

Out of the orb of darkness she led me into golden hours and regions of beautiful thought, bright-spun of love and dreams . . . As she opened the locked gates of my being my heart leapt with gladness and my feet felt the thrill of the chanting sea. Happiness flooded my being as the sun overflows the earth, and I stretched out my hands in quest of life.

Whenever Miss Keller's story is told, she wants her teacher to share

the honors. And above the din of the world's demands, her serene personality expresses itself in gratitude:

"For three things I thank God every day of my life: Thanks that He has vouchsafed me knowledge of His works; deep thanks that He has set in my darkness the lamp of faith; deep, deepest thanks that I have another life to look forward to—a life joyous with light and flowers and heavenly song."

IT WON ME  
A WEALTHY  
ADMIRER!



I'VE GOT TO HAVE MY CHURCH COMMITTEE HERE TO LUNCH TOMORROW, AND I DO HOPE THAT RICH MRS. ARMSTRONG WON'T BE TOO CRITICAL!

WHY SHOULD SHE? YOU KNOW YOU'RE THE BEST LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER IN TOWN!

NEXT DAY

WHAT A PERFECTLY LOVELY LUNCHEON! AND HOW CLEVER YOU ARE TO GET YOUR SALT TO POUR SO WELL IN THIS RAINY WEATHER!

OH, THAT'S JUST BECAUSE I USE MORTON'S SALT—ITS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS WON'T CAKE!

LATER

MY DEAR, I'M THRILLED BY THE WAY THAT MORTON'S SALT YOU TOLD ME ABOUT ENDED MY CLOGGED SALT-CELLARS AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. YOU'RE EVERY BIT AS SMART AS YOU ARE PRETTY!

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## Hospital—Quiet, Please

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

friend any more, so he can't ask your help. It was my fault that he didn't tell you at once that he was married. I wanted to finish my training—"

"Easy, child," Cornish soothed. "You're still convalescent. This is just a friendly chat between two people who are fond of one young lum-mox with his head in the clouds and his heart—well, we'll talk about his heart later."

"You see, Dr. Cornish," Nancy explained, "he thinks he'll be happy—giving up what he did for me. Oh, I felt sure you were going to pick him. It's when the years begin to pass that he'll wonder, sometimes, what would have happened if he hadn't married me."

Nancy found it easy to talk to Dr. Cornish. Why, he had a face like an angel with deep creases, each one of which was a chart line of understanding and suffering.

"I'll do anything to help him, Dr. Cornish," she said softly, a special tone in her voice, as if it came from her soul through the heart and not through her lips. "I'll go away as soon as I can get out of here. I won't tell anybody. I'll go to—San Francisco—to Seattle—that's farther, isn't it? I'll never interfere with him."

Dr. Cornish smiled. "Honolulu is even farther, my dear; but what nonsense you're talking! Do you think, having been married to you, he will ever be happy without you?"

"I don't know. We were married such a little while. Maybe it won't matter."

Cornish said shortly, "It always matters. Time has nothing to do with it. You know, my dear, I'm not against marriage. I'm for medicine. It has always seemed to me that a man takes a life work on him when he assumes the task of making a woman happy, of giving his effort to his children. That it's such a delicate, precarious thing—this business of taking another's life on his shoulders, another's thoughts and sensitivities—that he can't quite give fully to a profession like medicine—"

"Many great doctors were married."

"To unusual women."

"I'll try very hard to be—an—unusual woman."

YOU don't have to make me any promises, child. Make them to your husband. You asked me a question, and I'm going to answer it. I believe a man can share his affection with two people—with many, in fact. The question was always in my mind whether he could share a wife with the profession of medicine. Perhaps I judged by myself; that, no doubt, is dangerous. I have a single-track mind. Mind you, I haven't changed my attitude about marriage, just because one David Anders went off and married a charming girl. But I noticed something about your husband during this difficult time—"

And so he told her what he had noticed, how David had worked harder, how he had in a sense reached for impossible accomplishments and accomplished them, how he had transmuted that personalized love of a husband for a wife into a great compassion for all the sick.

"You know," Cornish finished, "I think I understand why Sir William Osler used to dash home in the middle

of the day to play a practical joke on his wife. I always thought that was a stupid side of his nature."

"Did he do that?" Nancy sighed. "What a wonderful man he was! Don't you see, Dr. Cornish? When she fell for his jokes, or pretended she was falling even when she knew, she was giving him something. He carried away with him something he didn't have before, that he could use for his patients through the afternoon, perhaps for days. She wasn't letting him work alone. She was going along with him in the best way she knew how!"

THE door flew open and David dashed in. "Nancy," he shouted, "I've got the swellest message for you from Miss Hanniman. Oh! I'm sorry, Dr. Cornish—"

"A man has the right to come to his wife's room. I'm just visiting an old patient."

David stood rigid, his eyes seeking Nancy's first, then Cornish's. "Is anything wrong, sir? With Nancy?"

"You don't ask that question in the presence of a patient," Cornish said. He lifted Nancy's hand, held it up for inspection. "The first thing to be done is to get some flesh on your wife's hands. She ought to be sent to the country in another ten days. Do you think you can do that on forty dollars a week? Because that's all I'll pay in my office to a beginner. I said forty, and forty it will be. You can start on the first, and send her away immediately after."

Nancy gasped. David gasped. Nancy began to cry, and wiped her eyes on the bow strings of her crisp ruffled jacket.

"Nancy!" David demanded. "What have you done? Have you made any silly promises—because we're married, and we'll take together whatever comes."

"Only a promise to be a wonderful wife to a not so wonderful young doctor," Cornish laughed. "I'm not an utter fool—"

FORGIVE me, sir," David put out his hand. "But you don't know Nancy. She's always wanting to make sacrifices—"

"She and I understand each other, Anders."

"I'll see to it that you'll never be sorry for this, Dr. Cornish," David told him.

"Your wife will see to that. I don't know about you."

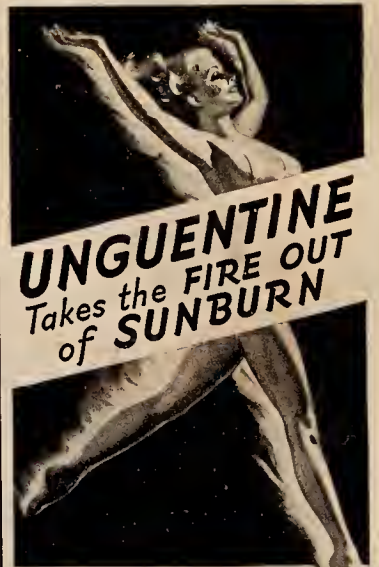
"Melton and Gross, sir? I don't want to interfere in your affairs—and Dr. Truesdale—"

"Dr. Truesdale was ready to leave me for private practice long ago. For Melton and Gross I've got jobs out of town—good ones, too. They both need more hospital work to mellow them, before they're ready for me—if they ever really wanted to work with me. And your news, David?"

"Why, Miss Hanniman says that Nancy may finish, if she wants to, after she's well. She decided since Nancy took sick on duty, and served so faithfully, and I'll be out anyway in a few days—"

Seth Cornish knew that story, too. He started edging toward the door. It had always moved him to see a man bending over a sick bed to kiss his wife.

But he did not shut the door quickly enough to cut off David's triumphant: "Oh, Nancy—my darling!"  
(The End)



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Helen Keller

Noble, Eva

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